

bars

atlas

Fuck it

Imma have the bars until the death of me

Woke up on the floor this morn' that hardly fits my destiny

Developed in addictions got the recipe for ecstasy

So check it B

I could take ya bae I'm talkin' Chesapeake

Recklessly drivin' down the highway goin' 73

Speed limit 55 hopin' coppers mess with me

I'm done askin' for all you fuckers to remember me

But when I die build an effigy

And I'm the next in line for the throne

That ain't enough I've gotta take it plus the necklace and bone
s

Up off whichever pussy currently in charge of my home

Boutta star 67 homie Pick up yo phone

So I can trace it from the basement to the attic

Face it I'm fantastic

Chase a pound of grass and hash for 30 tabs of acid

Imma brag about drugs in my music and make a classic

The worst influence yet Mr. Corduroy let 'em have it

Yea,

Bucket hat hooligan I'm cooler than what rap is

I put the door up under my bed I ain't payin' taxes

Put the axis on this motherfucker 'cause this is only practice

See the future needs some dudes like me and fuckin' Alice

Do a back flip on the beat no trampoline than get a bruise

Okay we don't need a label to co-sign with just a book

When I blew up on our own and tried to rhyme that's somethin' n
ew

We been grindin' since we can't remember tried to make it throu
gh

Fuck it

I been eatin' cereal and watchin' how you act

Y'all the dumbest human beings that I've ever seen in fact

Y'all the reason why I really can't be happy and relaxed

Like forgive me but I'm simply not too into being trapped

So I'm finna take a crap and move on with this shitty life

'Cause I'm still killin' verses on this stupid glitchy mic

Turnin' music into life with the poetry I spit

Y'all can use my words of wisdom 'cause it's totally legit

Cole